

Good Morning 778

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



A First Smile for Sto. John Moore

YES, Stoker John Moore, here she is, your brand new baby daughter, Hazel, with your wife and three-year-old John—we nearly said "baby" John too, but the gentleman himself told us most emphatically that he is no longer a baby.

Your wife would have liked the photograph taken outside a cosy little bungalow, but then had she had the children snapped outside a new home, she fears you would have eyes only for the home!

Lily was at the Welfare Centre when we called at No. 617, Princess-road, Withington, but her brother Eric, who was spending an afternoon of his precious leave catching up on his "fan mail," entertained us until she arrived back.

Hazel she says, has gained 6ozs. in a fortnight, while John could only manage 2 ozs. Nevertheless, it doesn't seem to worry him. Indeed, if anything were to worry that little

chappie it would be a surprise to us.

He trotted into the dining room pleased as Punch because he thought—quite rightly—that someone had come to see him. We talked to your wife for some time, but that wasn't good enough for John; we ought to have been chatting to him.

John had a look round the garden the other day, and decided he didn't like the colour of the flowers. So without further ado he "outs" 'em. Yes, all the lot. That was great fun—until Grandpa came home from work and found the blitzed garden. Ouch!

Lily received your greetings wire for September 23, John, for your wedding anniversary. Oh yes, and a card too. She asked us to tell you that she has been on an under-the-counter scrounge to try and buy something but her luck was out, so she is going to wait until you can go with her. Good luck.

Anyone seen Ben Bathurst?

WHAT became of Mr. Benjamin Bathurst?

It was a riddle that kept the courts of Europe busy in the earlier part of the last century and one which is unsolved to-day, though a discovery about a century after perhaps threw a glimmer of light on the matter.

Mr. Bathurst was a diplomat and well-known man-about-town in the London of 1808.

Sent to Vienna to persuade the Austrians to declare war on Napoleon, he not only succeeded in his mission, but earned the bitter enmity of the French dictator.

So much so that he went in fear of his life when it became necessary for him to return to England.

In order to avoid spies Napoleon might set along his path, he chose for his journey the indirect route through Berlin and Hamburg rather than the quickest way through French territory.

On the afternoon of a November day in 1809, Bathurst, travelling under an assumed name, came to an inn in

North Germany, situated near the gates of a small town.

Having lunched, he paid a visit to the commander of the military garrison of the town and asked that soldiers might be put on guard at the inn until he left, explaining that he was anxious for his safety.

The commander, while laughing at his suspicions, agreed, and two men were posted outside the inn.

Originally, the scared diplomat had intended to travel on to Hamburg late in the afternoon, but he changed his mind and postponed his journey until well after nightfall.

He probably argued that there was less likelihood of Napoleon's spies being abroad after dark.

He remained at the inn, writing and burning papers, until seven o'clock, when he dismissed his guard and called for his carriage.

He stood outside the inn watching the horses being put in the shafts and his baggage being loaded into the carriage.

Then he walked round to the horses' heads—and was never seen again.

WHEN one starts murdering it is as well (if one wants to get away with it) to keep on until all evidence is out of the way. For, otherwise, murder will out, even at sea. To be a successful murderer, one must not tire killing; that was why the tragedy of the Veronica, a British sailing ship of 1,000 tons, came to be revealed.

The Veronica left Ship Island in the Mexican Gulf, on October 11, 1902. She was bound for Montevideo with a cargo of timber. There were twelve in the ship's company including the master, Alexander Shaw, elderly and a bit deaf, but a good seaman. There were two mates, eight men in the fore-cabin; with a negro for cook.

The last seen of the Veronica was when she slipped out on her trip. She never got to Montevideo. She never got to any port, but one of her lifeboats, manned by five men came ashore at Cajueira Island, on Christmas Day the same year.

Cajueira lies off the Parana-hyba River, South America, about 150 miles south of the equator, and was then owned by a firm of Liverpool ship-owners who had a warehouse there. The five survivors of the Veronica gave their names—Rau, Smith, Morisson, Flohr and the negro cook.

Rau, Morisson and Flohr were Germans. Smith was English. The story they told, through Rau, who acted as spokesman, was that while the Veronica was in Florida Straits a seaman had died of fever, the chief mate was killed by an accident, in which Smith was injured. (There were bandages on Smith's head when they arrived.)

After the mate's death, Captain Shaw made Rau second mate, and all was going fine until December 22, when the ship, for some unknown reason, caught fire. The survivors were all below at the time, and when they got on deck they saw the ship was doomed. Boats were got out—there were two—but these lost touch and all the five men had to eat for the days afloat, were eleven biscuits and a cask of water.

That was the hard luck story they told. They were at Cajueira two days when the s.s. Brunswick arrived at the jetty, and as she was sailing shortly for England, her skipper took them aboard for the return to Liverpool.

Rau, being second of the Veronica, was berthed aft,

and the other four were fixed up in the fore-cabin; but the negro cook said he had reasons for wishing to have his berth somewhere else, so he shared the quarters of the Brunswick's cook.

The Brunswick called at Madeira, Lisbon and Oporto. It was observed by the master of the ship that the cook kept apart from the other four survivors, and when the Brunswick was between Madeira and Lisbon, the negro asked if he could speak with the skipper.

When he had his interview he was greatly agitated. He said that the seven missing men from the Veronica had been murdered, and that the Veronica had been deliberately fired so that she could never be picked up. What was the object of the crime? He didn't know.

The master of the Brunswick intimated that here was something that had to be probed, and he kept the four others under observation until Liverpool was reached, and there they were landed over to the police.

In Liverpool police station Rau, Smith, Morisson and Flohr, after being questioned, turned the tables on the negro cook. They said that it was true that seven murders had been committed, and that the Veronica had been fired; but all this was done because it was the cook who had done the killings and they were afraid of him.

A little more grilling and Flohr broke down, and made a confession. He agreed with the cook's story, but he said that he himself had taken no part in the business, but the cook had. The cook had said that he had taken no part but that Flohr had.

The result was that Rau, Morisson and Smith found themselves charged with murder and piracy. The other two escaped trial because they became witnesses.

The trial came on at the Spring Assizes at Liverpool, in 1903. Sir Alfred Tobin and Lord Birkenhead (then Sir F. E. Smith), appeared for the prosecution.

As the accused were poor men they were given counsel for defence. In all there were ten charges against them, but only the charge of murder was taken. It was all that was needed.

The story that came out was one of senseless villainy. Not a single motive or reason could be given by the negro cook or Flohr, beyond that

poor women, gathering sticks in a nearby wood, discovered a pair of breeches. There were two bullet holes in them, and in one pocket a piece of paper with writing on it. The find was taken to the authorities.

The breeches were identified as belonging to Mr. Bathurst, and the paper was a letter, half-finished, scratched in pencil, stating that if the writer did not reach England his death would be due to a certain French count.

But a curious point about the bullet holes in the breeches was that there was no bloodstain around them.

The disappearance caused a sensation in London.

The Government advertised a reward of £1,000 for any information leading to the solution of the mystery.

The vanished diplomat's family made a similar offer, and another sum was promised by the Prussian court.

Many people set about trying to win the rewards, but, despite continued investigation, no facts of any worth ever came to light to explain the affair.

Then, on a winter's day in 1910, woodcutters in the forest of Quitznaw, near the place where the breeches were found, came across a

occasionally the chief mate had fisted the crew and often made the ship a warm corner.

Rau had served in the German navy, where he had learned navigation, and he seems to have been constantly boasting of this. There were minor troubles about ship's discipline, the cleaning of the lamps, and complaints about the grub, but nothing of the stature that could have caused mutiny among ordinary seamen. But Rau, Morisson and Flohr were Germans.

By threats Rau had forced the negro cook and Flohr to help in the mutiny. It began one Sunday night when eight bells were sounded. A seaman named Paddy was at the wheel. Rau went up to him and asked him if he had observed the North Star. Paddy bent down to take a peep under the sail—and Rau felled him with an iron belaying pin.

Paddy was knocked senseless, but he was not dead. He was dragged forward and shoved into a locker.

The chief mate came forward, asked where Paddy was, and was told that he had gone below after a bit of a fight. The mate started for the fore-cabin to see about Paddy, and on the way Rau got him also with the belaying pin. This time the mutineers made no mistake. They pitched the mate overboard.

It was a night of murder all right. One after another Rau struck at men and officers. Paddy was hauled from the locker, hit again on the head and thrown overboard, too. The skipper, Shaw, was locked in his cabin after being badly handled. The second mate was mauled and thrown in beside the skipper.

Seamen who faced up to this German murderer, Rau, were treated as he had treated Paddy. When morning came, Rau ordered the negro cook to make coffee, and set Flohr beside him to see that he didn't poison the stuff. Then Rau gave orders for a lifeboat to be prepared and provisioned.

Meanwhile, when the boat was being caulked, Rau got the skipper's instruments and charts, in return for giving the skipper and the mate a drink of water. Then the mutineers held counsel.

They decided—or rather Rau decided—to make for St. Paul's rocks, and there pile the ship up; but when it was pointed out that there was a risk of being spoken by another vessel on her way, Rau agreed to fire her in mid-ocean.

When the mutiny began the Veronica was heading south-east. The course was altered to south-west, and for a fortnight she sailed so towards the South American coast. During that time the imprisoned skipper and the second mate had no food or drink.

When all plans were made and the boat was ready, Rau called the mate up from the cabin. The mate leaped overboard; but he didn't escape that way. Rau and the others fired at him in the water and he went down.

One mutineer was told off to go down and finish off the skipper with an axe; but as soon

skeleton embedded in the fallen leaves and undergrowth.

Whether these were the bones of the diplomat who had disappeared a century before it was impossible to determine.

There were no distinguishing marks nor any objects that might give identification.

Was Bathurst lured away from the inn on that dark night, or carried off by force beneath the eyes of the carriage driver and people of the inn—to be murdered in the wood?

Or were these remains those of another man altogether? D. N. K. B.

as the cabin door was opened, Rau shot the skipper; and over the side he went too.

Two of the crew who had agreed to the piracy and murders were found to be incompetent in seamanship, and Rau shot one and Smith shot the other. Their bodies went into the sea. That meant seven had been murdered.

The job now was to get rid of the Veronica. Rau now called himself captain; and he assumed the title of Captain Bungstarter. On December 20, everything was ready. The five survivors got into the boat, then Rau went back to fire the ship. When the fire had gained a firm hold the boat was cast off.

They had intended to cast the second lifeboat adrift upside down to help their tale of its loss with the others of the ship's crew; but they could not get the boat to turn over. Every time they upset her she rolled back on her keel, as if she would be a mute witness of the barbarity of the murderers. So they set fire to her also.

When the ship and boat were submerged the five made towards the land.

At the trial Rau and his fellow-villains denied the charges. They said that the

USELESS EUSTACE



'Pardon me, gents, I enquire—er—is that gold-plate in the window real, Fred?'

fire was accidental. They declared that the cook was the bad man of the crew, and that Flohr was just a liar. Not all the defending counsel could do, however, was able to shake the prosecution.

A strange sidelight on the case was the fact that there was no attempt to suggest that the three were insane, for there seemed to be no other valid reason for the crimes. No real reason was ever given for the mutiny, or the murders. No attempt was made to capture the ship and sell her. Why Rau started the business must for ever remain a mystery.

He was the master-spirit in it all. It was he who planned, who killed first, who took command. But why?

As for getting away with it, he had a glimpse of the extent to which he must ultimately have been driven to save himself, when he muttered in the dock: "I should have killed the lot." But, then, he was a German.

He was hanged with Morisson and Smith still their boss even in the way he went to the scaffold. STUART MARTIN.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

IN SHARK GULF

FOR a score of years there was only one man living in Shark Gulf, which is not so much a gulf as it is a cove; one of the sunlit, sparkling coves of Monos. The old Spaniards named the island Monos when they sailed the Main, for they found there a species of monkey which is now extinct; and it is more than likely that they found sharks. There are all kinds of sharks swimming between Monos and Trinidad—at least, there were kinds until old George Perry went over to the gulf and began to kill them.

George had been wandering up and down the Caribbean doing kind turns to those who came in contact with him before he went to Shark Gulf. He had been planter, grower, rubber finder, and seaman; but mainly he had been seaman. As seaman he came to know the heavy toll that sharks took of human life, so he set out to spend the remainder of his existence in levelling up the account.

For twenty years he had lived alone in the gulf, warring against the sharks. He fought them with a rod and line, and when a load of a shark liver came down to Trinidad and all that need make a man in the native boats the dealers happy, waiting for him. It's his bought the liver and made it into "cod" liver oil; and the people who saw the load coming for my neglect."

But George, not knowing the great reputation he had acquired, just went on killing more sharks. He came down to Port of Spain about once a year, and on those occasions his visits were short. They were made for two reasons only. One reason was to renew his

seemed to have swallowed Tom was a boat he hadn't seen before. George rose and walked down the beach. His gulf was looking its best just then, for the summer heat had brought to life everything that was capable of living.

Maisie Herron was the only daughter. She knew how Old George was eating out his heart for his nephew, and when she came up in a native boat to visit George and bring him a supply of clothes, she and he would sit and talk about what Tom would be like.

George had not seen his nephew since the latter was a tiny thing in frocks, and when he went to call on his sister he was told that she had been dead many years, and her son was running wild up and down the Spanish Main.

Old George went down to Trinidad and put the matter in the hands of the attorney, with instructions to trace Tom Bevey, and bring him up to Shark Gulf, and the attorney had promised to do his best. "When you find him," said Old George, "just you tell him that there is a fine stretch of beach and a house and plenty of fishing, and all that need make a man in the native boats the dealers happy, waiting for him. It's his bought the liver and made it into "cod" liver oil; and the people who saw the load coming for my neglect."

With the gulf for an estate and Maisie for a wife, nothing more could be wanted by any young fellow.

But Old George didn't tell Maisie about his dream in that direction.

The day after Maisie had paid one of her visits to him, George, sitting at the door of his bungalow, smothered the idea that had come to him. As the boat touched the sand the youngster leaped out. After boat which usually came for the shark livers; it was a bigger, more heavy in movement, but also vessel, almost a schooner. This a sailor, judging from his action.

They landed safely, and the crew tumbled out after them and hauled the boat beyond the breakers. The two men who landed first walked up towards old George. The younger one had in his hand a long envelope.

"Are you George Perry, sir?" he asked as they met. Old George rubbed his beard as he scrutinised the not unhand-some face and strong frame of the younger man.

"That is my name," he said slowly. "Then this is for you, sir. Mr. Herron, the attorney at Port of Spain, asked me to deliver it to you. It will explain better than I can."

Old George broke open the seal and read the long letter. By the time he got to the end his eyes were misty, so he did not look up for a moment; when he did look up he was crumpling the letter in his hand nervously.

"Tom Bevey," he said simply. "I knew you'd come to me in time. The gulf is yours." He linked his arm in that of the young man and turned towards his home. The other man came walking behind, casting his eyes across the beach and up at the

trim bungalow and the garden which spread on either side. Shark Gulf was more than a pretty cove just then—it was a paradise. "You boys sit there while I get you somethin' to eat," cried old George when they reached the steps of the bungalow. "No, you're not to help, Tom, at your first meal here. Lemme have the pride of laying a welcome spread, my boy. Maybe when you and I are alone you can do as you like, but just lemme show you what I can't speak. There's twenty years welcome inside me, Tom." He bustled into the house, and the two sat down on the chairs which he brought out to them. The clatter of plates came to their ears as old George bustled about in his kitchen.

The smaller man leaned over to his companion and nudged him with his elbow. "He's taken to yuh, boy! He's swallowed it, hook an' all. The rest will be easy."

"Yes, he's taken to me," muttered the other. "And you've got to behave yourself, Scripp."

"Come off the perch," grinned Scripp, as he started to roll a cigarette.

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

- What occupations did (a) Cain, (b) Abel, follow?
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why? 26, 53, 61, 17, 62, 71, 35.

Answers to Quiz in No. 777

1. What is the other common name for the game of Bridge Bagatelle?
2. Of what European country is Riga the capital?
3. How many Ministers are normally included in the Cabinet?
4. When was Income Tax first imposed, and by whom?
5. Stoolball.
6. Bulgaria.
7. 615.
8. Captain.
9. Devon, Dorset, Wiltshire, Hampshire, Surrey, Kent.
10. Circle is a curved figure; others are straight-line figures.

The Master of the Horse

THE office of the Master of the Horse is one of the six most important in the King's Household, the others being the Lord Chamberlain, the Lord Steward, the Comptroller of the Household, the Vice-Chamberlain, and the Treasurer of the Household.

The present holder of the office is the Duke of Beaufort, late of the Royal Horse Guards, and one of the largest landowners in the country with about 52,000 acres. He was appointed in 1936.

The office goes back far into British history. Ever since the Norman Conquest, the horse has been the recognised form of conveyance for the Sovereign and the great majority of English kings have taken a great interest in horses.

It is natural that a special officer should have been appointed charged with ensuring that the King had good horses to ride and to draw his carriages. It was not until the 17th century, however, that the carriage became the recognised form of conveyance.

When Queen Elizabeth rode in State to St. Paul's Cathedral she went not in a carriage but riding pillion.

The coming of motoring brought great changes, of course. The Master of the Horse took over the duties of supervising the King's cars as well as his horses.

These cars are maroon, upholstered in Royal blue leather. Except for one or two special fittings they are of standard design.

The King took over the considerable fleet of cars owned by his father when he moved to Buckingham Palace, and has since added a number. The two State cars do not carry number plates, but the cars for ordinary use have number plates like any other.

The motor car has not, of course, altogether ousted the famous Royal bays, although there are not now so many as in the last century, when a State procession might call for twelve or more carriages, each drawn by six perfectly matched bays.

The King's horses have to be specially trained not to take any notice of the cheering crowds that invariably line a Royal procession route.

The Master of the King's horse does not officially deal with the King as owner of racehorses. This development came long after the Master of the Horse was an important official in the Royal Household. To-day the King has his own trainer and other experts to advise on racing. J.M.M.

BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 716

- 1. Behead some pages and get part of a building.
- 2. Insert the same letter 5 times and make sense of: Seaklainlytoimortanteole.
- 3. What river in Africa can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: He — out the groceries and — them on the shelves in the cellar.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 715

- 1. B-ORE.
- 2. Decide definitely what to do to-day.
- 3. TAY.
- 4. Stud, dust.

JANE



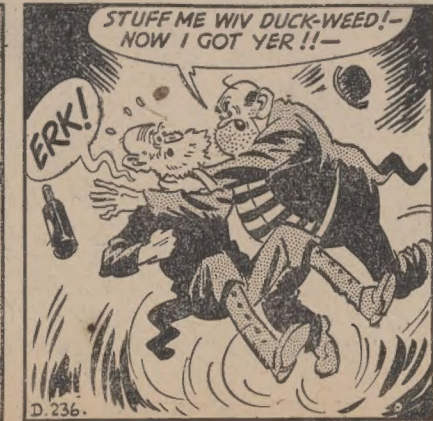
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



In Shark Gulf

(Continued from Page 2)
In a few minutes old George appeared, beaming and happy. "Tom, tell the crew of your boat to come and share in the welcome of twenty years."

"Now, look here—" "Not a word, Tom. Haven't I waited for you all them years? My boy, my boy, this is a place you'll love. There is so much to show you. There's the sharks. I'll teach you how to kill 'em. Maybe your friend will stay for a day or two?" "Oh, I'll stay all right," said the man. "My name's Scripp—Bill Scripp. Tom and me are pals."

"If you are a friend of Tom's that's good enough for me. Come in and eat, and bring the boatmen with you."

The best in his larder was there, and dishes which island men appreciate, with a bottle of old wine in the centre; a bottle from a stock which had lain untouched for years.

"Tom, where have you been all them years? That letter from the attorney says you came to his office to ask for me. How did you get to know I was waiting for you?" "No; I've been down on the Chile coast. And Peru. Trading generally. Whaling, too. It was a notice in one of the newspapers about two years ago that caught all a man needs."

"Two years ago?" queried in and eat, and bring the boatmen with you. "Yes. You see, I was just going off—on a—on a cruise—and it took a long time to get back. Whalers go for long trips, you know. Then I worked my way up

to Trinidad. Scripp came with me.

"He was aboard the same ship, I suppose."

Scripp grinned, and stretched out his hand for the bottle of wine.

"Aboard the same ship," he guffawed. "That's it. We were aboard the same ship. Tom and me were pals. So I came along. He put his lips to the bottle and drank deep, while old George looked at him curiously, and his pal kicked him under the table.

"Ships never come into Shark Gulf," said George slowly. "Only generally. Whaling, too. It was a notice in one of the newspapers about two years ago that caught all a man needs."

(To be continued.)

Robber: "Your money or your life."

Paddy: "Take my life. Sure. I want my money for my old age."

WORDS FAIL HIM

DEAR Madam,
Were it possible for the powers of utterance to reveal the soft emotions of my soul: the fond anxiety, the glowing hopes, and

chilling fears that rule my heart in turns, I should need no other witnesses than this paper, to evince the purity and ardour of that flame your charms have kindled in my heart. But alas! expression wrongs my love. I am inspired with conceptions that no language can convey!

Suffer me, then, lovely arbitress of my fate, to approach your person, to breathe in soft murmurs my passion to your ears, to offer the sacrifice of a heart overflowing with the most genuine and disinterested love, to gaze with ecstasy upon the divine object of my wishes, to hear the music of her enchanting tongue, to rejoice in her smiles of approbation—and banish the most intolerable suspense from the bosom of

Your enraptured

R—R—

T. Smollett (1721-1771).

From "The Adventures of Roderick Random."



People are Queer

THERE have been many stories of what happened to various people in the various Allied countries on VE day and VJ Day. Some merely ended up in a police court next morning with a splitting headache and a resolution to sign the pledge.

The story I like best is of a man at Evanston, Illinois, U.S.A. He was buying something in a small shop when the good news was shouted down the street.

The shop-keeper was so excited that he rushed out to join in the whoopee, but being a careful man, locked the shop door behind him.

For a day and a half the customer tried to get out, and couldn't. His cries were not heard in the tumult raging outside, and it was not until the middle of the second night that a policeman heard him and broke down the door to let him out.

MRS. Daisy Georgina Court, of Wyndham Street, Marylebone, has just died for the second time.

During an operation in 1922 she collapsed and died, but breathing was restarted by manipulation. Her new lease of life lasted for twenty-three years.

The other day she suddenly slipped from her chair and died immediately, and permanently.

D. N. K. B.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

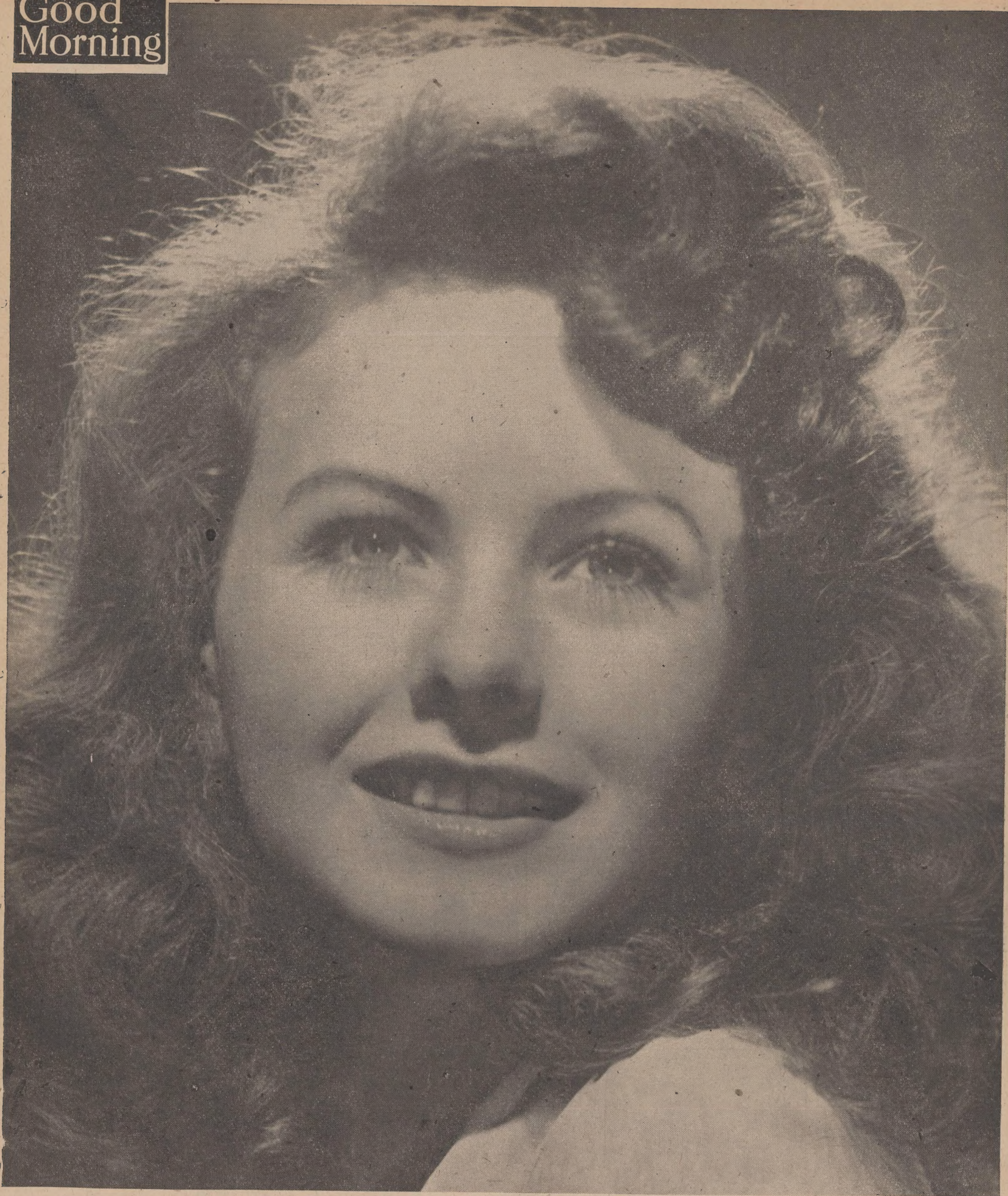
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CLUES ACROSS.—1 Stagger. 5 Reel. 9 One. 10 Gap. 11 Wood. 12 Strict. 14 Railing. 16 Foot trouble. 17 Flesh food. 18 Pronoun. 19 Schoolmaster. 21 Landscape. 23 Indigenous ones. 25 Woman. 28 Trifle. 29 Precious stone. 30 Man servant. 32 State of Brazil. 33 Mineral. 34 Birds. 35 Take note. 36 Packed tight. 37 Remains.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Slow music. 2 Agreement. 3 Document. 4 Portable trough. 5 Speaks ill of. 6 Not. 7 Spiny plants. 8 Lengthen. 13 Visitor. 15 Arab governor. 17 Sweetheart. 19 Voluntary. 20 Poetic maiden. 22 Quote as instance. 24 Conscious. 26 Wet. 27 Flat pieces. 29 Hop kilt. 30 Promise. 31 Guided. 32 Vehicle.

Good
Morning



TRUE BEAUTY—and holding the place of honour in the G.M. office. Gentlemen, we present the Editor's very special pin-up girl, fresh-as-a-breeze, talented **JEANNE CRAIN**.